

LEIXLIP:

A

POEM.

Inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

William Conolly, Esq;

— *Rura mihi & rigui placeant in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem, Sylvasq; inglorius!* VIRG.

By the Rev. SAMUEL SHEPHERD, A. M.



D U B L I N:

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LEXIS

P O E M.

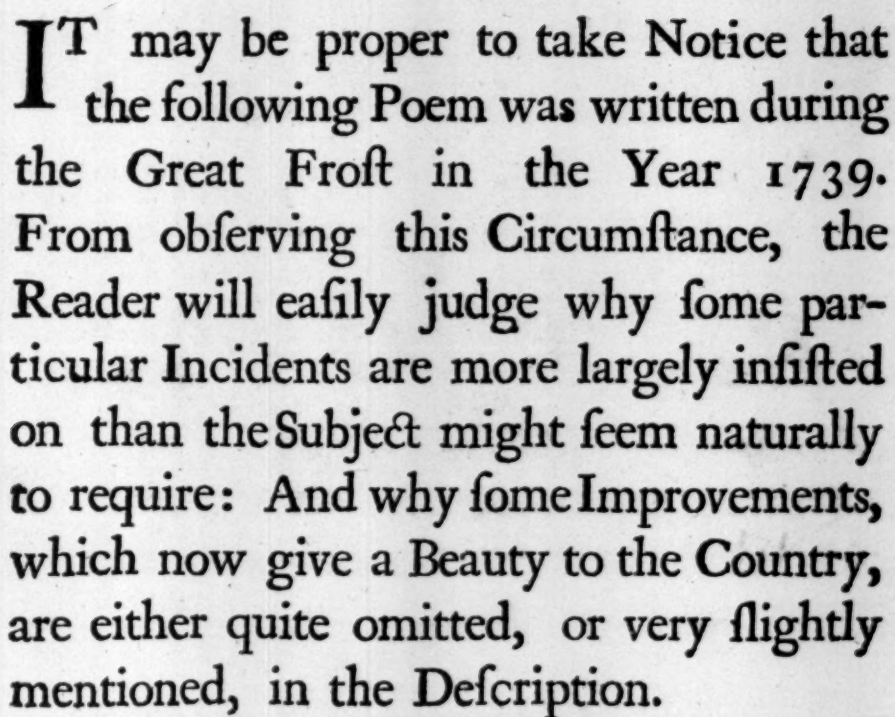
William Conolly, Esq.

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I may be proper to take Notice that
the following Notice is written during
the Great Flock in the Year 1739
I am observing this Circumstance, the
Reader will easily Judge why some par-
ticular Provisions are more largely insisted
on than others, &c. I might fear naturally
to repeat: &c. &c. which I am not
which now please bearing to the Country
are either quite omitted, or very slightly
mentioned in the Description.



LEXLIP:

A

P O E M.

LEXLIP! thy devious Walks, thy vary'd
Views,
Which oft delighted, now call forth the
Muse:
Not the proud Glare, which Wealth untaught by
Sense
Provides; the Trophy of a dull Expence:
But Nature well through all her Tracks pursu'd;
Wild without Waste; and beautifully rude;
Where Art (her Handmaid) steps with equal Pace,
Smooths the rough Scene, and brightens ev'ry
Grace.

SOME

SOME Virgin thus, a tender Mother's Care
 Sends out to join th' Assemblies of the Fair ;
 With watchful Eye surveys her native Form,
 And heightens here, and there conceals a Charm ;
 Fits ev'ry Fold ; proportions ev'ry Dress ;
 Gay, without Pride ; and rich, without Excess :
 The Shape, the Features are the Damsel's own ;
 And but improv'd, by being better shewn.

THOU too ! adorn'd with Wealth's far better
 Part,
 The gen'rous Glow that warms the social Heart !
 Friend of Mankind ! accept the rural Song :
 Here Hand in Hand together walk along :
 Here, *Conolly* ! the Muse and Thou shall stray,
 And count in Verse the Rovings of the Day.

WHERE its high Top the spacious Building
 rears,
 How pleasing is the Form which Nature wears !
 Full in its Front the wide-extended Plain
 Spreads to the Eye, and swells with golden Grain :
 Slow-rising Hills, and Tufts with Verdure crown'd
 Vary the Scene, and close the happy Ground.
 Here scatter'd up and down the sloping Mead
 Stands a wild Oak, and glories in it's Shade.
 There, form'd but late to taste the Sweets of Toil,
 The cleanly Village just begins to smile,

New

New to the Joys which honest Pains entail!
 And yonder stretches the delicious Vale;
 Till lost in Wildness and confus'd with Joy
 Thy Wood, *St. Kath'rine's*! catches ev'ry Eye:
 Thy Wood! his charming Lyre where * *Pullen*
 strung,
 And gave thee back thy Beauties as he sung.

WHAT tho' thy Gardens look no longer gay!
 Tho' Age has taught thy Statues to decay!
 Still from his Verse thy Glory shall be known;
 Still the same Life inform the mimick Stone;
 Thy Flow'rs for ever shall renew their Prime;
 And *Pullen's* Muse repair the Wrongs of Time.

COME, let us point our ravish'd Sight below,
 And catch the willing Waters as they flow:
 Mark, where the † *Rye* begins to lose his Name,
 And *Liffy* opens to the welcome Stream;
 Where Hand-in-Hand the kindred *Naiads* play,
 Dance near the Bank, or round the Alders stray,
 Or down the Margin of yon pebbled Steep
 Haste, to forget their Murmurs in the Deep;
 Till dash'd against the Bridge, the rapid Roar
 Fills the wide Arch, and swells to either Shore.

HERE

Dr. PULLEN, who was formerly Bishop of *Dromore*, wrote a Poem on *St. Katherine's*, which has been very much and justly applauded.

† A small Brook called the *Rye-Water*, which runs here into the *Liffy*.

HERE, e're the Lust of arbitrary Sway
 Poison'd his Mind and led his Thoughts astray,
 Young * *John* began to shew his princely Care;
 And all his Nobles were assembled here.
 Happy! if still, by prudent Counsels taught,
 His People's Welfare had employ'd his Thought!
 But curs'd Ambition, and the wily Art
 Which oils the Flatt'rer's Tongue, seduc'd his
 Heart :

Mad with the Thirst of Pow'r he soon profan'd
 Those Rights which shou'd be by himself main-
 tain'd ;

And trampling o'er the Rules of Justice, saw
 His Subjects, Vassals; and his Will, the Law :
 Till rous'd at length, the gen'rous *Barons* broke,
 Spite of his Perjuries, the *Tyrant's* Yoke ;
 Thro' Fields of Blood their Children's Freedom
 fought ;

And gloried in the Prize for which they fought.

OF T, as the Sun shoots forth his scorching Ray.
 In yon dark Path I take my lonely Way :
 Where the long Lake with silent Steps and flow
 Glides by my Feet, and scarcely seems to flow ;
 Still ; undisturb'd ; its peaceful Halcyons sleep ;
 And the thick Wilderness embrowns the Deep ;
 Trees

* There is a Report, tho' perhaps very ill grounded, that the
 Castle of *Leixlip* was built by Him during his Stay in this Kingdom.

Trees over Trees in wild Confusion spread ;
And the green Terrass over-hangs the Shade.

HERE musing, o'er the Surface as I bend,
And in its Bosom see new Woods depend,
Lost in the various Scene ; at length mine Eye
Marks, where the Trout devours the passing Fly ;
Nimble, as Thought, he springs: the Circles play,
And curling wear the mimick Grove away.

Rous'd by the sudden Motion I proceed,
And gladly follow where the Path shall lead ;
Till the cool Grotto, or the wave-worn Seat,
Afford my wearied Steps a kind Retreat.
New Wonders wait me here — on yonder Side
Hangs a steep Cliff, and frowns upon the Tide,
Dreadful as Death ! one solid Rock embrown'd !
No Trees, no Pastures bless the horrid Ground :
But, here and there, some stunted Shrub appears,
The Dwarf of Nature ; the Disgrace of Years ;
Curs'd in its Growth ; just able to supply
Some wand'ring Goats sufficient not to die.

FOR softer Views my wearied Eye wou'd search,
And, turning, meets yon venerable Arch,
The Remnant of a Bridge : that long withstood
Its Partner's Fate, the Fury of the Flood ;
Ragged and rough : around, on either End,
Twines the thick Ivy, and its Boughs depend.

B

Beside

Beside it seems a pensive Ash to grow ;
 Enough to hold by as you gaze below ;
 While from its Womb with unresisted Force
 The rapid Torrent pours his headlong Course,
 Foaming he sweeps along: the frightened Shore
 Groans, as he passes; and the Caverns roar.

Not from the *Forum* rush'd more quick and
 loud,
 Not from the *Capitol* th' assembled Crowd ;
 When *Rome's* high Walls beheld some Victor
 crown'd ;
 His Brows with Ivy, or with Laurel, bound ;
 Tho' her sev'n Hills were empty'd for the Show ;
 And the Plain trembled with the Weight below.

AND yet ev'n here, such Strength has Love
 supply'd !
 The dauntless Salmon scorns the raging Tide.
 Impatient of Restraint, he twines around ;
 Joins his two Ends ; and from the vast Profound
 Darts o'er the Steep.——As when some Chief in
 Fight
 Strains the tough Eugh, till both its Horns unite,
 Then, loos'ning with impetuous Recoil,
 Speeds the swift Arrow, and demands the Spoil :
 So springs he : so his golden Sides upheaves :
 And a new Rainbow gilds the broken Waves.

OFT in some vacant Hour, serenely gay,
 Fair *Anna* here beguiles the Ev'ning Ray,
 Wrapp'd in sweet Solitude (the Nurse of Thought)
 Counts o'er the Rules by virtuous *Sages* taught :
 Or thro' th' engaging Paths of Wit pursues
 Some fav'rite Author, some well-manner'd Muse ;
 Or ever by the Silver Spout supply'd
 Pours the warm Coffee's aromattick Tide :
 The smoaking Fragrance fills the vaulted Room,
 And glads old *Liffy* with the rich Perfume.

Now the steep Steps I labour up with Pain,
 And press the Terrass where it joins the Plain :
 Where laughing *Ceres* with her Sickle stands ;
 And Flow'rs and Fruits adorn *Pomona's* Hands.
 Here spacious Walks and Fields for ever green,
 And there, a Pathless Wilderness is seen,
 Rich in the Bloom of Sweets : the grateful Lay
 Tunes every Bush, and blesses every Spray.

BENEATH, mine Eye surveys from yonder
 Wood
 The *Liffy* rolling his majestick Flood.
 Smooth for a while he laves the neighb'ring
 Grounds,
 Nor seems to murmur at his narrow Bounds :
 But, as some Passion, which usurps the Mind,
 Wears a deceitful Calm, while close confin'd ;
 Then

Then bursts at once, and gives a Loose to Rage ;
 No Force can stop it ; and no Art assuage :
 So he, with double Fury pouring o'er,
 Breaks thro' the Gates; and swells along the Shore :
 Where'er the Rocks their craggy Summits shew,
There his Foam thickens ; *there* his Surges grow :
 Till rolling on, rejoicing in his Pride,
 Where the Arch widens and the Shelvings guide
 At once th' impetuous Torrent falls : the Steep
 Bends with the Weight : new boils the troubled
 Deep :

The Billows roar : till whitening o'er the Tide
 The Foam runs smother, and the Waves subside ;
 The softning Surface glads the neighb'ring Swain ;
 Joy to the Eye, and Plenty to the Plain.

THE *Patriot Statesman* thus, whose honest
 Hand
 With Strength and Plenty strives to crown the
 Land,
 Sees in his Way the Rocks which Envy throws ;
 And rides triumphant o'er his open Foes :
 Till some false Friend, some Villain smooth'd by
 Art,
 Steals to his Breast, and gets within his Heart ;
 Betray'd he falls : his Soul with Fury burns ;
 Shame, Indignation, Sorrow swell by Turns.
 But calm'd at length he seeks his peaceful Seat ;
 Tastes the cool Transports of a sweet Retreat ;
 Feeds

Feeds on the Comforts of a virtuous Breast;
And, blessing Thousands, is by Thousands blest.

YET this vast Weight of Waves, this furious
Force,
The Hand of Frost can shorten in its Course.
As when, by Wealth's and Nature's Gifts supply'd,
Some thoughtless Youth exults with airy Pride:
If (unfuspicious of th' approaching Dart)
A sudden Damp strikes deep into his Heart;
Stopp'd in his gay Career; amaz'd; aghast;
His Spirits falter, and he breathes his Last;
Stiff stretch the Nerves, his Cheeks forget to glow;
His Wit to sparkle, and his Blood to flow.
So, when the piercing Rage of *Eurus* roars,
And *Winter* opens his inclement Stores;
Seiz'd by the chilling Blast, the Torrent's Speed
Breaks short; nor tho' it struggles can proceed:
Hush'd is the watry Dinn: the Waves above
Freeze, as they flow; and stiffen, as they move:
Pendent in Air the new-born Chrystals spread;
And Rocks of Ice enclose the dumb Cascade.

To yon steep Alley let us now repair,
Where the wild waste of Sweets perfumes the Air;
Where the young Wilderness and lusty Wood
Fill the deep Shade, and quite shut out the Flood;
Till here-and-there, with unexpected Light,
Some Vista opens, and renews the Sight.

So the coy Nymph, to make her Lover sure,
 At diff'rent Seasons spreads a diff'rent Lure :
 At awful Distance now she feigns to stand ;
 And now permits him to approach her Hand ;
 Still wisely giving from her lovely Store
 But just as much as makes him long for more.

COME let us wander to yon rising Ground,
 And take the Prospect of the Country round !
 Where Hills, and Dales; the Mountains, and the
 Plain ;
 Woods, Waters, Houses, paint the chequer'd Scene.
 Mark, o'er the Glinn, how yonder Elm appears,
 Thy Boast, O *Newbridge*, and the Growth of Years!
 Rais'd in his Pride, he looks majestick down ;
 Spreads his broad Arms, and covers half the Town.
 Hard by, the Victim of misguided Hands,
 Delicious in Decay, *St. Ulstan's* stands.
 Next as th' extensive Champain I survey,
 Thy Glories, *Castletown*! demand my Lay :
 Where the gay Pile with lordly Grandeur drest
 Calls ev'ry Friend, and welcomes ev'ry Guest :
 Spreadsthe full Board; and cheers the social Hearth
 With letter'd Ease, and hospitable Mirth.

FAIN wou'd the greedy Sight still onward roam,
 Where the Spire marks the *Charitable Dome*,
 The Nursery of Youth ! Here throng the Poor :
 And *Charity* unfolds the willing Door.

Behind;

Behind ; her Sisters rang'd on either Hand,
 Fair *Industry*, and true *Religion* stand :
 These to each Child their several Blessings share,
 Enlarge his Knowledge, and improve his Care.
 Young *Hope*, within, her heav'nly Aspect shews,
 And paints the Bliss which virtuous Toil bestows.
 While in the Front, the Bloom of *Trade* appears,
 Matur'd by Wisdom, and grown strong by Years :
Wealth on his Lap pours forth the golden Tide ;
 And *Peace* and *Health* stand joyful by his Side.

BLEST use of Riches ! where one virtuous Mind
 Serves as a common Treasure to Mankind !
 Bids thousands smile ; suspends the Widow's Cry ;
 And lights up Rapture in the Orphan's Eye ;
 Gives Nerves to honest Want ; bids Worth to thrive ;
 And keeps the hopes of Diligence alive ;
 Where Bounty's guided by well-judging Art ;
 And Guilt's worst Fuel fails, a slothful Heart.

AND happy *Thou* ! whom no false Views divide ;
 No glare of Fortune tempts to vicious Pride ;
 But, easy in itself, thy well-turn'd Mind
 Still plans out Schemes of Bliss for Human Kind ;
 Tastes the sweet Joys that from *thy Eden* flow ;
 And looks with Pity on the World of Show :
 Prompt to assist, where suff'ring Virtues call,
 And make the World a *Paradise* to All.

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